

The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT
Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware
PUBLISHED BY
T. S. FOURACRE,
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MIDDLETOWN, DEL., JAN. 3, 1903.

OUR THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME
With this issue, THE TRANSCRIPT starts its 36th volume. We deem it proper at this time to thank our friends for the hearty support extended to us during the two years that has passed since we assumed the management. We have shared in the prosperity of the community and we certainly have reasons for thanksgiving. It has been our aim to publish a clean newsy paper, and the best assurance that we have succeeded is in the increased number of subscribers and the large demands on our advertising space, necessitating several supplements during the past year. We have in view the making of certain changes in the near future that will result in a larger and better paper. Again thanking all our friends, we extend to one and all our best wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year.

THE COUNTY OFFICES

On Tuesday next, the last of the Democratic county officials leave the Court House to be succeeded by Republicans, and for the first time since the Civil War the entire control of New Castle County will be in the hands of the Republican party. The net result of two years management of the finances of the county by a Republican Levy Court has been a reduction of ten cents per \$100 in the tax rate and a promise of another like reduction of July 1st of this year. Mr. Willits as President of the Levy Court and chairman of the Finance Committee has made an excellent record and it is to be hoped that he will be re-elected, or at least, that the system which he has adopted will be continued.

THE ROADS QUESTION

The demand for improvement of the public roads becomes more general every day. The people are in earnest on this matter and will not be content unless something be done. The only fear is that too much insistence upon matters of mere minor detail may result in no action. We do not entirely agree with *Evening Journal's* suggestions which seem to be in the nature of a make shift, but we commend the conclusion to think more of ways and means and less of technical fault finding.

When the platforms of the respective parties were written everybody was in favor of good roads. The plank's calling for legislation on the matter were adopted with a whoop, and not a protest was made. Recently, however, opposition has begun to develop, not to good roads, but to any measure which has that end in view, which after all amounts to the same thing. Some say the State should take charge of the matter; others urge that it be left to the respective counties, and there is a growing disposition to antagonize every definite proposition which might result in accomplishing the desired result.

Why not a serious of bills covering the whole subject? We would suggest a bill under which the State should take the State road under its control, and by a system of improvement offer an object lesson to all other road builders. This road running from one end of the State to the other might be macadamized, and put in a condition to last. In the English colonies roads have been built by convicts, which have proved to be excellent for a half century.

It has been suggested that the State issue bonds for the necessary funds and create a sinking fund by which the indebtedness could be wiped out in a few years. Let us all think more of ways and means and less of technical fault-finding.

BOHEMIA MANOR ITEMS

Mrs. Annie B. Berry is spending this week with Dover relatives.

Rev. Wilmer C. Gray, of Philadelphia, is spending sometime with his uncle Mr. R. L. Gray, near Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. Anna B. Berry entertained a number of young friends in honor of her daughter Miss Edie, at "Shady" lawn.

The cracked-lip disease has reappeared among Kent County stock. It is serious in the same locality some years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Jones and daughter have returned home, after spending the holidays with their parents at "Shady" lawn."

One night last week the shed fell down on the farm of Mr. Isaac Gibbs, tenanted by Mr. King, killed a fine pair of young horses.

Miss Sallie Racine is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Racine on the Manor. Miss Racine has been attending school in Baltimore.

ST. GEORGES ITEMS

Irving Gray is spending sometime in Philadelphia.

Miss Louise Ellison spent Sunday with Miss Marion Clark.

E. W. Jester, of Wilmington, visited relatives here last week.

Miss Anna Straub, of Farnhurst, visited her mother here last week.

Charles J. Butler, of Camden, N. J., called on friends in town Friday.

Mr. Tuschmacher, of Philadelphia, called on friends here on Saturday.

Mrs. F. Welsh and some have returned from a visit to relatives in Chester, Pa.

William R. Pennington spent part of last week with his family at Fairview, Pa.

Walter Dempsey, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Laura Jones.

The Misses Clark entertained Misses Julia and Anna Ellison, of Glasgow, on Sunday.

C. M. Riley was an over Sunday visitor with W. G. Cox and family near town.

H. C. Gray and family visited William Crumpton and wife near Glasgow, part of last week.

Our young people are enjoying the skating which is said to be very good on the ice.

Rev. W. L. Gray spent Sunday with his uncle, Richard Gray and family on Bohemia Manor.

Miss Sooy, of Wilmington, has been the guest of her friend, Miss Sara Miller this week.

Ground has been broken for a new dwelling for S. O. Gibbons on the south side of the canal.

Mr. and Miss Jessup, of Swarthmore, Pa., have been visitors at the Manse for the past few days.

William Jones, of Chester, Pa., is spending several days with his mother, Mrs. Laura Jones.

Thomas Crossland, of Salem, N. J., has been paying a visit to his parents, J. R. Crossland and wife.

Miss Nellie Hollis, of Philadelphia, is spending this week with her aunt, Mrs. Joseph G. Crossland.

William J. Atkins, wife and son have been the guests of M. J. Gray and wife during the past week.

Misses Lina and Carrie Bender, of Port Penn, are guests of their mother, Mrs. Charles Bender.

Misses Blanche Jones and Beaulah Dorn, spent Friday with J. P. Vandegrift and family, near McDonough at State Road.

Miss Olivia Paynter has resigned her position as saleslady in the general merchandise store of James H. S. Gam.

Miss Blanche Jones entertained Miss Agnes Vandegrift Dilworth and Bayard Vandegrift, of McDonough on Saturday.

L. J. McWhorter had the misfortune to lose two valuable horses this week, the cause is supposed to have been straf fever.

D. C. Wolf and family have been entertaining her brother, Charles Wright, wife and daughter, of Baltimore, for the past few days.

Miss Florence Janison, of Philadelphia, has been enjoying the Holidays with her parents, Clarence Janison and wife near town.

Rev. J. H. Geoghegan and wife attended a family dinner party at the residence of J. W. Carrow, Sr., near Mt. Pleasant, Thursday.

The repetition of the drama "Just for Fun" by the young people of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, D. B. Stewart was elected elder to succeed James M. Vandegrift deceased, and Messers William Janiver, Clarence Pool, William Ellison, Miles Clark and R. T. Cann, trustees. The ordination will take place on Sunday January 4th.

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SALES TO TAKE PLACE

Tuesday, January 13th, 1903.—Sale of Stock, Farming Implements, household goods, &c., on the farm known as the "Brown Farm," near Mt. Pleasant, by George Cochran. W. J. Smith, auctioneer.

Tuesday, January 20th, 1903.—Public Sale of Stock, farm implements, household goods, &c., by S. T. Davis, on the "Janison Farm," 2½ miles east of Mount Pleasant. W. J. Smith, auctioneer.

Wednesday January 28th, 1903.—Public Sale of Stock, farm implements, household goods, &c., by S. T. Davis, on the "Janison Farm," 2½ miles east of Mount Pleasant. W. J. Smith, auctioneer.

E. H. MCWHORTER.
Geo. E. Davis, Auctioneer.

O. M. MATTHEWS. HARRY DANIELS.

Matthews & Co.

HOUSE PAINTERS and

••• GRAINERS •••

FALL is the time to beautify your homes and nothing is a more substantial beautifier than a good coat of paint, and a good practical painter is the kind to employ to do your work. We have had the experience and feel fully qualified to give you first-class workmanship. Our reference is the work we have done in the past. We will contract or do your work by the day. Estimates cheerfully given. When in need of anything in our line, call or write.

Thursday, February 12th, 1903, at 10:30 o'clock, A. M.—Sale of Stock and Farming Implements by Elwood B. Cleaver, on the Brady home farm, ½ mile south of Mt. Pleasant. Joseph M. Armstrong, auctioneer.

Friday, February 17th, 1903, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—Sale of stock, farming implements, etc., by Otho Marvel, on the "Watkins Farm," near Noxontown Mills. Joseph M. Armstrong, auctioneer.

Wednesday, February 18th, 1903.—Administrators Sale of Stock, Farming Implements, etc., by C. S. Goldsborough, on the "Price Farm," near Warwick.

Thursday, February 19th, 1903.—Public Sale of Stock, farm implements, etc., by James L. Dickinson, on the "Appleton Farm," 1½ miles southeast from Middletown.

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O. M. MATTHEWS, Manager,
P. O. BOX, 49.

THE TRANSCRIPT \$1.

Public Sale!

The undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will sell at public sale, at his residence on the farm known as the "Brown Farm," 1½ miles southwest of Mount Pleasant, Delaware.

Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1903,

At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

The following Personal Property, to-wit:

Ten Head of Horses and Colts.

No. 1—Charlie, bay horse, 6 years old, good driver, and a good worker.

No. 2—Black mare, 4 years old, has been broken, and shows speed, one of Alcione's colts.

No. 3—Lottie, black mare, 9 years old, in foal by Prince March, he by Del. March, with record of 2111; good driver and worker, no road too long for her, and safer for a lady to drive.

No. 4—Tom, bay horse, 11 years old, a fine work horse.

No. 5—Dollie, bay mare, 14 years old, no better work horse in the State.

No. 6—Lucy, bay mare, 14 years old, a good work mare.

No. 7—Maggie, bay mare, 13 years old, good worker and fair driver.

No. 8—John, bay horse, 9 years old, will weigh 1,300 lbs., and work anywhere.

No. 9—Dan, black horse, 2 years old, has been broken to the road, and goes good, Dan Murphy stock.

No. 10—Dick, black colt, coming for 2 years old, the largest colt I ever had in his stable.

Pigs—Ten fine Shoots, weighing from 60 to 70 lbs.

Farming Implements, &c.

Two good Farm Wagons, 1 Milk Wagon, 1 York Carting, good; 1 4-horse, 1 3-horse, 1 2-horse, good order; 1 Buck-Board Mower, 1 Horse Rake, good as new; 1 Spring Tooth Harrow, in three sections; 1 Buckeye Sulky Cultivator, 1 Sulky Ohio Cultivator, used but one season; 1 Twin Harrow, 2 Hand Cultivators, 1 three-horse Oliver Plow, No. 40; 1 3-horse Syracuse Plow, 1 2-horse Oliver Plow; 1 2-horse Oliver plow, 2 good Hay Rriggins, 1 set Carriage Harness, nearly new; 1 Carriage Pole, in good order; 2 sets Wagon Harness, 8 sets Plow Harness, Bridles, Collars, &c. Also, I intend in 80 acres of wheat in the ground.

Household Goods.

Two Oak Bedroom Suites, 1 Table, 1 Couch, 1 Oak Hat Rack, Chairs, 1 Double Heater, 1 Cook Stove, in good order; 2 Kitchen Tables, Chairs, Benches, &c.

Terms of Sale.

On sums over \$20 and less, Cash; on all sums over that amount a credit of ten months will be given by purchaser giving a banknote with approved endorser, interest added. No goods to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

DOUGLAS COCHRAN.

W. J. SMITH, Auctioneer.

Public Sale!

Will be sold at Public Sale at the home of Mrs. Clarence Jamison, on the road leading from St. Georges to Summit Bridge, one and one-half miles south of St. Georges, Del.

Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1903,

At 11 o'clock, A. M.,

The following Personal Property, to-wit:

4 Head of Horses

No. 1—Nancy, bay mare, 9 years old, an all around good mare, sound and gentle, will work and drive anywhere, with foal.

No. 2—Nancy, bay mare, 5 years old, fine driver, sound, with foal.

No. 3—Nancy, bay mare, 9 years old, can be driven by lady or child, and no better driver ever harnessed, will work anywhere.

No. 4—Hattie, black horse, 11 years old, an honest, strong, good horse.

13 Head of Good Jersey Cows and Heifers

In profit and springing. All home raised stock.

One Guernsey Bull, 1 year old.

Farm Implements:

One Deering Binder, 6 foot cut, new; 1 Deering Mower, 5 foot cut, used only one season, new; 2 Farm Wagons, in good order; 1 Bickford & Huffmann Drill, 9 spouts; 1 Roller, good as new; 1 Spring Tooth, all steel, combined, Wheel Cultivator; 1 Horse Harrow, 2 Harrows, new; 1 All-steel Wheel Barrow, new; 1 Keystone Farm Plaster, 1 Twenty-six foot Cedar Ladder, Plows, Cultivators, Wagon and Plow Harness.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS—Two Stoves, 1 Kitchen Tables; 1 Church; 1 Butter Maker, 2 Kitchen Tables; 1 Bed Stand, 1 Sausage Cutter, 2 large Iron Lad Pots.

One-half Interest in 43 Acres of Ruby Wheat in the ground.

Terms of Sale.

All sums over \$20 and less, Cash; on all sums over that amount a credit of seven months will be given by purchaser giving a banknote with approved endorser, interest added from day of sale. Five per cent. off on all sums over \$20 for Cash. No goods to be removed until the above conditions are complied with.

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... A Borrowed Holiday ...

BY HATTIE ANTLEY FAIRCHILD.

It was a bare, desolate room in a tenement house in a Southern city. On a rickety table in one corner stood a broken vase, which still showed remnants of its pristine beauty as the light of a stray sunbeam shone through its ruby depths. A long-stemmed, withered rose which it held was doubtless a reminder of some happier hour. The occupants of the room were a mother and her three children, a puny babe, a little girl, perhaps three years of age, and a boy about seven years her senior. There was nothing about the room to suggest that the family had ever been comfortably placed as regards this world's goods, save the broken Venetian vase, but the face of the mother as she bent over her wailing babe, trying to soothe and still its cries, bore the traces of what had once been the most refined type of beauty.

Only one short year ago, Mary Derwent and her little family had been living in comparative comfort, but suddenly her husband lost his position as head clerk in a large establishment which, owing to the pressure of the times, had failed. Unfortunately, he fell seriously ill of a fever which completely prostrated him. By degrees their small savings were expended, then the best of the furniture was sold, for they were too proud to ask help, and so they went from bad to worse, until they only had the poor bed, the stove, table and two chairs, which now furnished in scant measure the little room in the tenement they called home.

Hugh had been out since early morning hunting for work, and his wife was growing momentarily more anxious about his prolonged absence. What could keep him? It began to grow dark. Pressing her pale face against the panes, she peered out into the street.

"Mamma, I am so hungry," pleaded a weak little voice from the bed. "Can't I have something?"

"Oh, Harry, what shall we do? Sister wants something to eat," cried Mrs. Derwent, putting her arms around her boy's neck.

"Mamma, don't cry, I will go out again; perhaps I'll get something this time, and perhaps I'll meet Papa. I won't come back without something this time," cried Harry. "Now, see, Mamma, if I do. Please do not cry!"

"Oh, where will you go, my poor little darling, where will you go? Your clothes are too thin to go out in this wind. I cannot, cannot let you go!"

But Harry was off; he had no time to lose. He had no time to lose, indeed, if he meant to reach the great publishing house in Broad Street. It was fully five o'clock and he must be there before six, and it was such a long, weary walk for a little fellow.

Poor child, he was old for his years. The trouble he had seen about him for the past year had taken all the childlessness out of him, and now he had but one thought, and that was how he should help along in their great trouble. Little Mary must have bread, and so must Mamma and poor Papa, who had been out all day. As for himself, so excited was he in the new resolve that had taken possession of him, that he forgot how faint and hungry he was. On and on the little fellow trudged; the crowds were surging past him, for it was the holiday time, but he heeded them not. He couldn't help taking a little look in passing the windows of the shops, which were now all aglow with electric lights, and gay with the colors of their tempting wares. He was an earnest little lad, so he scarcely heeded the temptation to linger which would have been so strong for most little boys. On and on he sped toward the great building in which was centered his hope for relief for poor Mamma. Yes, he felt sure he should take back more than bread to little Mary and Mamma. He wondered whether Papa was home, and whether he had found any work, and so on and on through the crowded streets he proceeded, little minding cold or fatigue so long as he was nearing his destination in time.

Meanwhile, Hugh Derwent had dragged his weary way homeward. He had met the usual re-buffs, the usual refusals, some rudely uttered, some gently worded, for there were men who were touched by his pallid face and the hopeless expression of

and lifted Harry in, taking a seat beside him.

"Now, where do you live?" he inquired.

Harry roused sufficiently to give directions, but immediately sank back almost fainting.

Mr. Mayo suddenly exclaimed, as if it had just struck him which was very surprising:

"I believe the boy is starving," and he stopped the hack in front of a restaurant and ordered a glass of milk, a glass of sherry and some brandy and water, the only things he could think of just then.

The hackman said dryly:

"That ain't no fitten stuff for folks what's starvin'! The milk will do, but bread and meats what he needs."

"Well, bring them," and a generous supply was brought forth.

A slow smile dawned on the face of the gentleman as the boy ate.

"Ah, what a remarkably good appetite! I feel surfeited myself watching you."

Harry's appetite appeased, they proceeded.

Mr. Mayo scanned the address on the letters which he had taken.

"Mary Derwent—sounds familiar, somehow."

They arrived at the mean tenement and Harry asked Mr. Mayo up-stairs. "For mother will want to thank you," he said.

"I don't care for thanks, but I would like to see the owner of that name—must be someone I have known."

They crossed the upper hall, which was dimly lighted by a poor lamp, and Harry opened the door to the darkened cheerless room. By the faint light from the lamp they could distinguish the two drooped figures by the empty stove.

"Mother," called Harry, "oh, Mother, I bring good news. Here's money; your story won first prize, and here's a kind gentleman who saved me from being run over. Now Mary and all can have something to eat."

Mr. and Mrs. Derwent could not realize the sudden transition from despair to hope. They sat as if dazed. Mr. Derwent came forward at last, and in a broken voice tried to speak his thanks.

"Why, haven't you a light?" inquired Mr. Mayo.

"Oh, sir," said Harry, who had revived wonderfully since eating, "we had no money to buy anything."

Mr. Mayostared. He had never come in close contact with poverty before.

"Here, take my purse and get light and ah—something to eat."

Mr. Derwent was again thanking him, while Mrs. Derwent was weeping tears of joy and thankfulness.

She sprang up and grasped both of the young man's hands, crying hysterically:

"God sent you to save my children from starvation. This evening I begged for bread, begged it, and the baker refused me. But what wouldn't a woman do for her children?"

Harry soon came back with a light and a basket of food and handed the purse back to Mr. Mayo.

"Only took enough for to-night for mother has money now."

Mr. Mayo emptied the purse on the bed, where Mrs. Derwent was already feeding little Mary with ravenousness.

The mother had less to eat than any, but mother-like, thought of self last.

Mr. Mayo bowed himself out, promising to call on the morrow, silently wondering that he, of all others, should be the one to play Providence to a poor family.

The second letter which Harry brought proved to be an urgent invitation from Mr. Derwent's aunt in the country for him and his family to spend New Year's with her, the second day from this. How gladly they left the close, comfortless room for the spacious old farmhouse among the hills!

The day was glorious, the air balmy as if Indian summer had come again. The mother watched with shining eyes the hills and fields by which the train sped imagining she could see some slight improvement in her loved ones at each mile they spanned. They were stronger, for nourishing food works wonders.

When they reached the home station and crowded into the large family carriage, she threw wide the windows to let in the golden sunlight and health-giving breeze from the pine lands.

Was ever a day more royal than this?

Mr. Mayo, who, having called to see the Derwents the day previous, Mrs. Derwent took the liberty, in her great happiness, to invite him out to, presented himself, to his own and her

the hopeless expression of

astonishment, as they were going out to dinner in the large handsome old dining-room.

There was just enough frost in the air to make the wood fire acceptable, yet the musk roses looked saucily in at the wide windows and nodded a welcome, while large vases full of flowers breathed out their hearts in fragrance.

The crowning event of the day came when Mr. Derwent was giving a second helping to the turkey. The dear old aunt announced that, as he would be her heir, it was his duty to remain there and keep up his property; she was tired of living without children in the house.

"And what is more, I am not going to any longer," she declared with emphasis.

"Ah, Mrs. Derwent," said Mr. Mayo after dinner, as he swung lazily in a hammock under a large oak tree, "I found out why your name sounded so—ah, familiar; there was a little mistake."

Mr. Mayo scanned the address on the letters which he had taken.

"Mary Derwent—sounds familiar, somehow."

They proceeded.

"Ah, quite a coincidence," said Mr. Mayo, "but you sha'n't lose it by it."

Had Harry not gone to the Post Office, he would not have met you, and had you not succeeded us at that critical time we would have died, and but for the check we could not have come out there."

"So you stole your New Year's Mary," said her aunt, as she shook her fat sides in laughter, but the heir to "Pineland's" your farmer husband (as he is to be,) can easily replace it.

Would you believe that that gay young fellow driving the cows from the pasture with Harry helping little Mary make mud pies, swinging the baby in the hammock, peeling potatoes with a check apron on, was the dandy who stood at the street crossing with his cane in his mouth, almost refuting the statement that "God made him in His own image?"

Well, he is the identical young swell, who has been out at Pineyland several weeks, and says he intends staying several more.

"In fact, Mr. Derwent," he said, "I am in love with Pineyland, and I intend you shall adopt me as brother. Let me put my money in improvements on the plantation, and instead of making 'ducks and drakes' of my capital, I will buy ducks and drakes and quit making a goose of myself."

Soon he gave the world "assurance of a man."

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